Chapter Six—As the World Turns

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Page 1 (Four panels) **Darkness #6** **Paul Jenkins**

Panel 1 Okay, so… for the first three pages we are going to do a recap of the events that bring us to this point – we'll talk about Jackie's life and his love for Jenny. We'll talk about Frankie, Paulie and the family and we'll talk about Jenny's sister. But I think just to establish the mood it would be cool to make one of those four panel page-wide "movie-type" opening sequences first.

It is sometime in the early afternoon of a warm day. We are roughly two or three hours from sunset, just as Jackie has planned. We begin here by looking down at Jackie from a height roughly equivalent to that of a tall roof. He's standing just inside a fairly high wall that is covered with moss and ivy. Jackie smokes, thinking to himself as he looks up vaguely in our direction. (In actual fact, Dale, we are up inside Paulie's huge home, looking down at Jackie who is trying to come up with a plan for killing everyone in sight.)

No dialogue

Panel 2 Now, our camera detaches itself from the roof and begins to head down towards Jackie. His gaze never wavers.

No dialogue

Panel 3 Closing in: Jackie takes a drag of his cigarette. It's all mood and atmosphere here, Dale.

No dialogue

Panel 4 In this final panel we are now close to Jackie as he exhales, letting the smoke waft about his face. He's enjoying his cigarette but he never lets his

gaze falter. This is the best part about revenge: working out the fifty million ways you can do something nasty to the person you hate. It's almost better than the revenge.

Jackie Caption: To sum up: we are all fucking **screwed**.

Panel 1 Okay, mate… our camera begins to move past Jackie, going to the side of him as it swoops around. We are going to see on the next page that Jackie is looking up at Paulie's house. He is inside the grounds, completely in control and unafraid of getting caught. That's because he is here to make Paulie suffer and die.

Jackie Caption: Now the reason for this is not because we have a minor skirmish between various factions of the Mob—on whose behalf I kill people.

Jackie Caption: It's not because the family's falling apart, an' it's not because the current flavor of the month is a little shitbag named Paulie Franchetti from Philadelphia.

Panel 2 FLASHBACK: Uncle Frankie Franchetti stands above the dead body of Jenny, having just blown her brains out. He looks at her corpse with an expression that almost amounts to disgust. Certainly, Frankie has no remorse.

Jackie Caption: It's not because Paulie's cousin killed the girl I loved just to get to me.

Jackie Caption: It's not because I turned state's evidence against the corrupt bastard and then blew him into a million tiny pieces.

Panel 3 FLASHBACK: Jackie is blown away from a gate as the orphanage goes up in a huge explosion behind him. This is the moment of shock as the concussion rips through the air, knocking him off balance.

Jackie Caption: It's not because Paulie presented me a pass an' then blew up an orphanage when I turned down his generous offer.

Panel 4 FLASHBACK: Paulie taunts Jackie in front of the old guys (beginning of issue #4).

Jackie Caption: It's not because the twisted little swine found Jenny's sister and used her to keep me in line. It's not because he made me betray some of those old Keisters used to work for Frankie.

Panel 5 As we look at Jackie, a familiar theme reappears: we are able to see into the various crevices and shadows that are near to Jackie. Since it is a sunny day there is a lot of contrast in the darker areas of the bushes and trees.

We are able to see evidence of the Darkness creatures inside the foliage. They wait patiently for Jackie to make a move.

Jackie Caption: No, the reason we're all screwed is pretty much because of **<u>me</u>**.

<u>Panel 1</u> Jackie tosses his cigarette onto the ground.

Jackie Caption: See, it was me who got everyone into this mess in the first place.

Jackie Caption: It was me who got born into the Darkness an' embraced it with open arms, only to find out the Darkness don't ever give nothin' for free.

<u>Panel 2</u> Looking at Jackie's foot as he extinguishes the cigarette.

Jackie Caption: I got one chance to make this right. So here I am.

Jackie Caption: I'm not looking for the light at the end of the tunnel.

<u>Panel 3</u> In the final panel of this reflective moment, Dale, we are now behind Jackie. We look past him and can now see that he is on the grounds of Paulie's home. The place is pretty large, complete with its own security guards and complicated camera systems. Jackie is simply focused on the house because he knows Paulie is inside—this is a very big moment in Jackie's life and I should point out that all of the building we do here counts towards our satisfaction when Paulie dies. Paulie's death is a big thing: it represents Jackie's freedom, perhaps even the beginning of his absolution. Of course, I never end things happily so he's still going to miss Jenny and feel bad at the end. But at least we all have the satisfaction of seeing Paulie get his.

Jackie Caption: I'm looking for the darkness in the light.

Panel 1 Okay, so… we are looking at an upstairs window as Paulie's word balloons appear from within. Paulie is in a very agitated frame of mind because he's having trouble getting in touch with his sniper. Little does he know the sniper is no longer under his employ.

Paulie: Come on… come on… where the hell did you go..?

Panel 2 Moving inside… we are able to catch a small glimpse of Paulie's pet spider—it appears to be building a web up in a corner of its glass container. We are going to use this fact to great effect later.

Beyond this, we can see Paulie is on his home phone – he's pacing up and down, looking both worried and angry. A couple of his closest boys stand nearby, worried that the boss is going to have a shit-fit on everyone.

Goon #1: What's his problem?

Goon #2: I dunno. He's been frettin' about reaching some compare of his on the telephone. He's about to give birth, or somethin'.

Panel 3 Is Butchie still alive? If so, he can be the first to speak. Gingerly, Butchie asks Paulie what's wrong.

Paulie stands near the receiver, which sits on a small telephone table. Paulie's too worried to be too much of a dink to Butchie—he rubs at the bridge of his nose, trying to think about all of the possibilities.

Butchie: What's wrong, Paulie? We got trouble?

Paulie: No. It ain't nuthin' you should worry about, Butchie. Just a business associate I gotta talk to on the phone, is all.

Panel 4 In a very small caption we are looking at a cell phone. The phone lies on a rooftop amidst a pool of blood.

No dialogue

Panel 5 Pulling back, we can see the dead, curled hand of the sniper who was employed to kill Jenny's sister.

No dialogue

Panel 6 And in this final larger image we are looking down at the dead guy as he stares sightlessly up at the sky above. Remember, of course, the sniper

blew himself away so I would imagine he has a large stain of blood around him and a big hole in his head somewhere.

No dialogue

Panel 1 In a fit of temper, Paulie lashes out and boots the telephone table, sending the receiver flying. The two goons look shocked at the sudden outburst. Paulie doesn't seem to treat his telephones very well, does he?

Paulie: Fuckin' piece of shit!

Paulie: Get me the fuckin' ops room! NOW!

Panel 2 We are now inside a smallish ops room where two security guards are employed to watch over the grounds. These guys are not all that efficient, really – they seem to take their task a little too lightly.

As we come in, one guard is speaking over an intercom while the second sits with his feet up looking bored. At least the second guy is facing vaguely in the direction of the many video monitors that cover the grounds. It probably doesn't help that he's doing the crossword and resting his feet on the desk, though.

Guard: Yeah… nope. No.

Guard: You wanna say that again? We got **what** now?

Panel 3 We are outside on a patio with Butchie, who is speaking into a walkie-talkie. Butchie looks worried, and understandably so.

Butchie: I didn't say we got an intruder… I said Paulie's havin' a bad feeling, is all. He wants you to be extra careful – we might have a problem on our hands.

Panel 4 Guard number two looks up from his crossword and cheerily asks what's wrong. Apparently, the two guys have seen this sort of thing before because the first guard seems to think it's a joke.

Guard #2: What's his problem?

Guard: I think Paulie forgot to take his meds. That paranoid little shit thinks the world is out to get him.

Panel 5 We are looking just past the feet of guard number two and are able to catch an image on the monitor that would normally be disturbing to a security professional: the image seems to be taken from a camera just outside this very guardhouse. We are looking through a fisheye lens at a path that leads away up to the house. A man in a suit lies dead on the path, unnoticed by the guards.

Also unnoticed is Jackie, who stands with a gun and silencer attachment, looking up at our camera.

The cheery voice of guard number two appears from just off-panel.

Guard #2: Hey… what's an eight-letter word meaning "caught off guard?"

Panel 1 Suddenly, the lights go off inside the control room and the video screens all go fuzzy. The two men yelp a little with surprise—this kind of thing can never be good. The seated guard gets immediately to his feet.

Guard #2: What the fuck—?

Panel 2 Guard #1 goes straight towards the door of the security post. He's making an assumption that nothing is wrong because he hasn't heard anything outside. He's about to get a surprise.

Guard #1: It ain't nothin' – it's just the generator. We're on a separate system from the main house, don't forget.

Guard: That piece of junk has been on the fritz ever since they had it installed—

Panel 3 As the guard opens the door, Jackie blasts him directly in the face with his pistol.

SFX: (gunfire)

Panel 4 Guard #2 is blown away before he has a second to react. The force of the gunshot knocks him backwards over his chair.

SFX: Gunfire

Panel 5 Still holding his weapon, Jackie stands inside the security room, looking down at the two dead bodies. He really could give two shits about the men he's just killed. In fact, he thinks this is all too easy. Jackie makes a jokey little comment to himself about the two dead men. He's killed their type many times before.

Jackie: Eight letters, meaning "caught off guard":

Jackie: Numbnuts.

Panel 1 Jackie now walks silently towards the main control panel for the surveillance equipment. He has a purpose, you see…

No dialogue

Panel 2 A close up of Jackie as he picks up the telephone receiver and speaks into it. A wicked little smile is appearing at the corner of his mouth.

Jackie: Hello, police? I want to report a very serious crime.

Jackie: No, not yet – it's going to happen in a few minutes.

Panel 3 We look at Jackie as he stands at the door to this room, making ready to exit through the door he entered by. He's looking back, surveying the scene. His demeanor is very calm even though he knows he's just created a shit-storm. On the floor we can see that the phone has been pulled out by the wires and discarded.

In the darkness all around him we can see that the evil little Darklings are gloating.

No dialogue

Panel 4 And now, Jackie strides purposefully along the pathway towards Paulie's house.

No dialogue

<u>Panel 1</u> Inside the house now: In the background we can see that Paulie is bitching someone out. He's jabbering right in the guy's face because he is annoyed and scared.

In the meantime, two of his goons are in our foreground. They are in the process of retrieving their coats from a coat-stand that is situated by the front door. The first guy, Willie, is concerned about Paulie being so pissed off and is looking over at the little bastard as he goes to town. The second guy, Luigi, is putting on his coat with a non-committal grunt.

Willie: <u>**Now**</u> what? Is he on the rag again?

Luigi: Ehh… probably. He smashed up his good phone an' sent down word we was goin' for a drive.

<u>Panel 2</u> Paulie comes into the picture, closely followed by the guy he was bitching out. Willie begins to open the front door for Paulie, smiling at his boss. He's a sycophantic fucker, really.

Paulie: You an' you! Come with me!

Willie: Already there, Paulie. You want I should get the Rolls?

<u>Panel 3</u> Blammo! Suddenly, shots are fired through the door. They hit Willie in the arm and hand… one of the bullets catches him in the neck.

SFX:

<u>Panel 4</u> Willie screams as he looks at his bloody stump of a hand. Paulie and his two remaining goons open fire on the door, blowing it into little chunks of wood.

Willie: Aah! <u>**AAH**</u>! My frickin' hand!

SFX: Gunfire

<u>Panel 5</u> Having decided discretion is the better part of valor, Paulie turns tail and runs up the stairs towards his bedroom. He's a fuckin' chicken and he looks scared out of his wits.

Paulie (small): Oh, shit—

Panel 1 Downstairs, the firefight continues. The two remaining goons are being joined by a couple of guys from other parts of the house. The two new guys, Bill and Ben, are rushing down the hallway past some large windows. Each man is armed with sub-machine guns.

Bill is hollering down towards Luigi, trying to find out what the hell is happening. Luigi begins to call back to him.

Bill: Louie! What the hell happened?

Luigi: Keep your head down! We got company!

Panel 2 Blammo! Suddenly, the windows explode in a hail of gunfire. Shards of glass go flying all over Bill, who raises his arms above his head to protect himself. Ben is hit in the face by a couple of bullets.

SFX:

Panel 3 Jackie boots down the door, blasting Luigi to smithereens as he enters with gun blazing. The opening door hits poor old Willie in the head.

SFX:

Panel 4 Jackie now stands at the bottom of the stairs and points his gun at the back of the retreating goon who is trying to escape in that direction. Jackie seems as calm as anything.

Goon: N-no!

SFX: Gunfire

Panel 5 Upstairs with Paulie, who is in his bedroom. Paulie is trying to stay low but has his back to the wall. He's yelling out of the crack in the door so that Jackie can hear – he doesn't even know that Jackie is the assailant yet.

By the way, I want to establish the fact that Paulie's pet tarantula is in its upstairs glass cage now – it is important that the spider is in the bedroom but you can reveal this however and whenever you like.

Paulie: Hey, whoever-the-hell-you-are: you gotta be a fuckin' **suicide** candidate come bustin' in here like that!

Paulie: I want you to know right now, you're dead. You hear me?

Panel 6 Jackie stands at the bottom of the stairs and grins to himself. He's looking a bit maniacal as he shouts up at Paulie.

Jackie: Yo, Paulie – remember me?

Jackie: I got a good feeling we're gonna do this the **hard** way.

Panel 1 Okay, mate… we are going to move away for a couple of pages. In this first scene we are at the Fifty-First Precinct. In fact, we are just outside the room that houses the local SWAT team – a sign on the door informs us of that fact.

A voice appears to be coming from behind the frosted glass door.

Voice (inside): What d'you mean, "Paulie Franchetti's house?"

Panel 2 Now, we are inside where we find an older guy being briefed by an urgent young cop. The cop is a uniformed officer. He's trying to impress upon the SWAT team veteran that they have a serious situation on their hands. The old man is pretending to be disinterested.

The older guy is sitting with his feet up on a table and leaning back on his chair—he's obviously the senior officer here. A couple of the younger SWAT guys are smiling to themselves. One guy is smirking into his coffee cup.

Cop: I'm sayin' dispatch just got a phone call in from Franchetti's security room – they're sayin' we got a hostage situation over there.

Cop: Cap's goin' ape-shit – his wife plays tennis with Franchetti's niece.

Panel 3 We close in on the old guy – he looks back over his shoulder to talk to the young guy who is holding the coffee cup. The younger SWAT guy kind of smiles to himself as he answers.

Old Guy: Franchetti… Franchetti… do we know a Paulie Franchetti, Josh?

Young Guy: That wouldn't be the same Paulie Franchetti we suspected in the orphanage explosion would it, Chief?

Panel 4 The uniformed cop can't believe he's seeing this! He remonstrates with the men.

Cop: What the hell are you waiting for? Every second we delay means bad news for the people inside that building!

Panel 5 The younger SWAT guy has picked up some donuts with his free hand and is offering them to the cop. He smiles sweetly. It's obvious no one is in a hurry to help Paulie.

Young Guy: Donut?

Panel 1 It is now about half an hour before the sun goes down. Back at the house: we are outside with about five billion squad cars and ambulances that have all descended upon the Franchetti estate. As we come in, an older detective is fiddling with a bullhorn that he is going to use to communicate with the people inside the house.

We can see that all guns are drawn on the house. In the background, a dead body lies on the pathway leading up towards the front door.

Another uniformed cop is trying to brief the old Detective.

Cop #2: So we got surveillance up on two adjacent rooftops, detective. We're doin' the best we can to contain but there's no sign of the SWAT team yet.

Detective: What the hell are they playin' at? Did we requisition that fisheye camera yet?

Panel 2 Flying along past the cops… one officer is communicating with dispatch via his two-way radio. Everything is a commotion here… this is a major operation.

Officer: I'm tellin' you, it's frickin' terminal down here! We gotta definite hostage situation on the top floor.

Officer: Captain Wilkes just arrived: he told me not to allow the Bureau to gain entrance – he says it's a policy decision!

Panel 3 Inside the house now: Jackie is standing in the shadows of the hallway. He half hides behind a plant but is looking up the stairs as if waiting for Paulie to show himself.

No dialogue

Panel 1 Jackie calls up the stairs to Paulie. He's enjoying himself because this is what he does best. He knows Paulie is scared but it's going to get a lot worse before it's over.

Jackie: Yo, Paulie! I found that Turk you hired to kill Jenny's sister!

Jackie: It was Stevie Walsh – can you believe that?

Panel 2 Suddenly, Paulie kicks open the bedroom door: he's firing down the stairs with a twelve-gauge shotgun! Paulie has a mean sneer on his face.

Paulie: Estacado! You stupid piece of shit!

SFX: Gunfire

Panel 3 Blammo! The lead shot hits the plants by Jackie, shredding the leaves. Jackie is caught in the right shoulder by buckshot.

Jackie: Aa-oww!

Panel 4 Jackie dives as another blast hits right where he had been standing. The wooden posts and carpets are shredded.

SFX:

Panel 5 Paulie is encouraged: he yells down the stairs at Jackie.

Jackie: How d'you like me now, you little Zipper? You feelin' the burn?

<u>Panel 1</u> Jackie is nursing his shoulder a little but he's not really too worried – a little war wound like this is hardly going to slow him down. He calls back up the stairs to Paulie. Even so, Jackie is careful enough to hide behind a wall this time.

Jackie: I hear you yellin', Paulie, but I don't hear you makin' no real noise! That's 'cause you know what's comin' your way – you've seen it before.

Jackie: Did I mention by the way you should look out your front window?

<u>Panel 2</u> Gingerly, Paulie open his curtains with the barrel of his shotgun. He sees blue flashing lights outside, much to his annoyance. NOTE: the curtains should have those thick cords that come down to the floor – just enough thick rope for a man to use if he wanted to hang himself.

No dialogue

<u>Panel 3</u> Closing the curtains, Paulie begins to mumble to himself.

Paulie (small): What the hell… I told them useless assholes not to ever call the damn clubhouse—

<u>Panel 4</u> Downstairs, Jackie is creeping up the first few steps. He has his back pressed to the wall as he comes up, his pistol at the ready in case the upstairs bedroom door should open.

Jackie: It wasn;t your boys called the cops, Paulie – it was <u>**me**</u>!

<u>Panel 5</u> Paulie seems puzzled. He doesn't get it.

Paulie: What, are you fuckin; crazy? Why the hell would you do a stupid thing like that, you little turd?

<u>Panel 6</u> A close up of Jackie. He smiles, sneakily.

Jackie: 'Cause they're the only ones who can turn of the main electricity.

Panel 1 Jackie is now approaching the middle of the staircase. He calls out towards the upper bedroom door.

Jackie: You've seen what I can do to a warehouse full of dope dealers, Paulie. I know you figured I could work to your advantage but it ain't turned out that way, huh?

Jackie: See, the problem with me is I got a brain. An' you got company – take a look over at the dark corner of the room to your left.

Panel 2 Inside the bedroom, Paulie whirls to look at the darkest corner of his bedroom. The Darkness demons are already here, waiting for him – they kind of cackle and rub their hands with anticipation at what they are about to do.

Paulie: What the fuck—?

Panel 3 Now, Paulie looks scared as hell. He realizes that Jackie now has the upper hand by far.

Paulie (small): Jesus, Mary an' Joseph.

Panel 4 Quickly, Paulie opens the curtains so that stark sunlight streaks in. He is momentarily blinded by the sunlight.

Paulie: Oh, no… oh, Christ—

Panel 5 Outside in the dark hallway: Jackie is only a few feet away from the bedroom. He calls inside, enjoying this sublime moment of revenge.

Jackie: Haw! Hehh… I see you just found religion. That's pretty good timing, seeing as what's about to happen.

Jackie: Oh, an' it is going to happen, Paulie: that much is certain. Pretty soon, it's gonna be pitch black in there an' there ain't a living thing you can do about it.

Panel 6 Looking at Paulie once again: his face is a perfect picture of terror as he realizes he is well and truly fucked.

Jackie Caption: "Even you can't stop the world from turning."

Panel 1 Outside, a couple of the SWAT team guys are talking to each other. The first is the spotter and so he has his binoculars trained on the window. The second guy—the sniper—is squinting down the barrel of his gun. Both men are wondering what the fuck is going on in the upper bedroom window.

Spotter: What the hell… you see that?

Sniper: They opened the curtains. I gotta straight shot.

Panel 2 Nearby, the older SWAT guy and the older Detective are interrupted as they compare information. The older SWAT guy is talking into his radio. The detective strains his eyes to see into the window.

SWAT: Whaddya mean they opened the curtains? Well, did they, or didn't they?

Sniper: Jesus… is that Paulie Franchetti?

Panel 3 Jackie is still talking to Paulie – now, though, the swarms of Darkness demons have completely surrounded Jackie. We can guess that he is now very much protected.

Jackie is still jabbering away, rubbing it in.

Jackie: You oughtta watch more good movies, Paulie – they did this in Die Hard. You remember when the terrorists are tryin' to do that big box job downstairs?

Jackie: So, standard policy is to cut the electricity so as to make it more difficult for the hostage-takers.

Panel 4 Inside the bedroom, Paulie is now squatting down by the window. He has his back to the window and is trembling with fear. Most importantly, Paulie is doing his best to stay close to the strong sunlight that plays across the floor of the room.

Jackie (outside): I'd say in this case, that'd make it more difficult for you.

Panel 1 Okay, so… on this page we are going to show Paulie's suffering as he waits for his inevitable demise at the hands (and claws) of the Darkness. I feel this would work pretty well if shown from the same POV but of course, Dale, you can move the camera around if it works better that way.

We need these required elements, I feel: Paulie sits with his back to the windowsill, watching as the sunlight creeps towards him along the floor. We can see maybe a lamp and a bedroom light from this angle, both of which are turned on. If you feel like establishing it here, we can see the Spider cage – the spider is busy spinning a web that will get bigger as our panels progress. In the background and all around we can see dark shadows begin to appear where there is no strong light. Paulie just happens to be near a bedroom side table upon which is a candle and some matches.

Jackie Caption: They say a coward dies a thousand deaths before his number comes up.

Jackie Caption: For a sniveling little wannabe like Paulie Franchetti, that number gets multiplied by a thousand, all in the same afternoon.

Panel 2 Time passes: Paulie watches the sunlight intently as it creeps towards him and also to the side. The lights have been cut so that the room is a lot darker. We begin to see evidence of the darkness as it emerges.

Jackie Caption: Time goes by like an express train when you know you got just a short time before you take the biggest drop of all time.

Jackie Caption: When you know you're gonna burn like a bunch of kids in a dynamited orphanage.

Panel 3 Time passes: Paulie is now crying as he tries to light the single candle. His shotgun lays by his side. The sunlight is coming faster now and at a more acute angle to the wall.

Jackie Caption: So the world turns.

Jackie Caption: And Paulie looks **failure** in the eye.

Panel 4 Even more time has passed: we show a final pathetic shot from this angle. Paulie has now abandoned his shotgun and is scrunched up against the side of the wall holding his single burning candle. The sunlight has reached such an acute angle that Paulie has to pull in his toes to stay covered by light. The darkness creatures wait nearby, licking their lips.

Jackie Caption: And it spits in his face.

Panel 1 Clutching the candle to his chest, Paulie begins to plead once more. He is truly desperate now but still trying to hang on to power. Stupid little fuck.

Paulie: H-hey, listen, Estacado: I been thinkin' I know this worked out bad for both of us but there ain;t no reason to be rash here.

Paulie: I mean you think hard about this, okay? I could do a lot for a guy like you.

Panel 2 Paulie begins to cry again because he knows the Jackie is going to ream his bodily orifices in new and excruciating ways.

Paulie: Aww, Jesus… *>snff<…* I'm serious here, I swear: anything you want. You just ask… I c'n get it for you.

Paulie: Just let me go, okay?

Panel 3 Outside, Jackie is more serious than we have ever seen: he brutally reminds Paulie of his crimes, sparing nothing, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Jackie: That's the spirit, Paulie: beg for your life. Cry your fuckin' eyes out an' think real hard about how badly this is gonna feel.

Jackie: You know what it is I can do: you've seen it, remember?

Panel 4 Paulie cries as he stares at his flickering candle.

Paulie: Don't do this, Jackie… please, I'm beggin' you on my soul…

Panel 5 And now, as we pull back, we can see that the last of the sunlight is gone. All that remains is Paulie and his little candle surrounded by slavering, vicious demons of darkness. Wotta revolting development!

Paulie: … **please**…

Panel 1 Jackie describes the next part of the action for us as we witness the entrance of the SWAT team from down below. In this first panel, they are busting into the hallway.

Jackie Caption: It all happens in a bad dream: I see it all come down like a house of cards in a tornado.

Jackie Caption: The Darkness shows it to me in detail.

Panel 2 We look up at the bedroom door. Screams emanate from within.

SFX: Screams

Panel 3 The SWAT team have rushed upstairs and are busy trying to bash the door in with one of those metal battering rams. We catch the action just at the moment the hinges come off the door.

Jackie Caption: I see dead pigs an' dead people. I see mass suicide and plague and Ebola and SARS and Russian Roulette.

Jackie Caption: I see dead people hanging by a thread, screaming for sunlight.

Panel 4 Looking at the SWAT team as they stand in the doorframe. They have stopped, aghast at what they see inside the room. It must be something pretty fucking horrific for these guys to be so affected.

No dialogue

Panel 1 In a smaller, page-wide panel Jackie stands up on a nearby roof looking over at Paulie's home nearby. We can see all of the police activity, of course.

A shaky voice can be seen coming from within Paulie's bedroom window.

Voice (inside): Oh my God—

Panel 2 Okay, so… this is the big panel that shows Paulie's fate… and it is quite a doozy. First of all, the spider can be seen in our immediate foreground inside its glass case. The creature has spun a web and is now hanging from a strand of webbing. Juxtaposed against this is a very disturbing image: Paulie is hanging by the curtain sash from his ceiling fan. We are looking through the glass at this, so that in effect, Paulie hangs next to his spider.

Paulie has been stripped of all his skin and a lot of his flesh, even though his clothing remains completely intact around the bloody corpse. Blood is splattered everywhere around the room. Paulie's small candle still burns on a little stand beneath his hanging body.

The two SWAT guys are shining their flashlights into the room. One illuminates the body and one partly illuminates the spider. Fuckin' Aye.

Jackie Caption: And Paulie Franchetti, he sees it a million times before he dies.

Panel 1 Right, mate… true to Jenkins form we end with some happiness, some sadness and a question or two to keep the punters coming back.

For the last three pages we are going to be at a public park. It is a very sunny day and children are playing on the swings and roundabouts and slides. Most of the kids are little toddlers that remind us of the kids at the orphanage. In fact, let's give one little dude a balloon.

We are flying high above the scene, looking down. On one bench we can see that a young woman is attending to her little one. A familiar figure sits at the far end of the same bench.

SFX: Kids playing in the park

Panel 2 Moving down to ground level: the young woman is Jenny's sister, of course. She is cooing over a little baby in a carriage.

Jackie sits at the far end of the bench, staring directly at the girl. He makes no attempt to hide the fact that he's staring at Megan.

Megan: Hey, baby… that's right… Mommy sees you.

Megan: Yes she does.

Panel 3 Megan gets a little huffy and directly challenges Jackie – she's feisty and can pretty much stand up for herself. She's also very protective of her child.

Jackie seems surprised.

Megan: You like what you see, pal? 'Cause we got about twenty park rangers within calling distance from this place, you sick fuck.

Jackie: Hmm?

Panel 4 Looking at Jackie from Megan's POV: he seems pretty sad as he hesitantly begins to speak.

Jackie: Oh… I'm real sorry, Miss. You remind me of someone I knew.

Panel 5 Same POV: Jackie looks down at the ground as his voice begins to tail off.

Jackie: I **lost** her.

Panel 1 Megan's a little embarrassed – she feels like a bitch. She doesn't want to reach out to Jackie because she's probably still a bit wary. Even so, she reaches out a hand to place it on Jackie's shoulder. He doesn't look up.

Megan: Oh, God… oh, hey, I'm sorry, sir. I just thought…

Megan: … I mean, I gotta be sure for my baby, you know?

Panel 2 There is an awkward silence: Megan looks at Jackie, who looks down at the floor. He can't seem to look her in the face.

No dialogue

Panel 3 Same POV: Megan smiles. Jackie begins to look up, his thoughts interrupted.

Megan: So, who was she? I can tell that you loved her a lot.

Panel 4 Jackie now stares at Megan, who is sympathetic and quite beautiful. He realizes he has fucked up just about every aspect of his life.

Jenny Caption: And I want to tell her – I want to say how I loved her perfect sister more than life.

Jackie Caption: I want to tell her about that pretty little way she had and those deep ocean colored eyes.

Panel 5 Looking at Megan through Jackie's eyes: she looks so much like Jenny that for a moment we might mistake the two of them. She smiles at us, trying to encourage us to speak.

Jackie Caption: I want to tell her… but I **can't**. Because she's porcelain perfect, like an angel I once knew.

Panel 1 But Jackie can't say a word, can he? The poor bastard has stood and silently begun to trudge away towards the gate that leads out of the park. The young woman remains on the bench, watching poor Jackie leave – she has a concerned look on her face.

As Jackie trudges towards us he begins to light a cigarette…

Jackie Caption: And I'm not going where the angels go.